THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO 28 AFTER HIS HAT BLEW OFF. Refusal of the White-Bearded Conductor to Herd a True Tale The Benevolent Farmer The Ex-Tank Proved Grateful When the

Gold Brick Man Came Along in Time, With reference to our agricultural popularemarked Ex-Tank No. 28 of the Harlem Former Alcoholic Degenerates, reminiscently thumbing the squirter of the Kissingen n. "I'd never ha' become acquainted with of 'em if my hat hadn't blown off that time," and No. 28 involuntarily squirted about half a of the Kissingen at the newly polished shoes of Ex-Tank No. 7, the parliamentarian and kicker, who was just rising to register an

"You mean." said Ex-Tank No. 7, "that if your loose-jointed head hadn't been blown off that time you'd have --

To your bench!" sternly said the Chief Ex-Tank, rising and frowning severely upon the parliamentarian and kicker, "Twenty-eight the Boxer at present in front, and loping along steadily, under wraps. Twenty-eight continue the presentation of his views of our agricultural population."

"Oh, nothing," proceeded Ex-Tank No. 28, 'My hat just escaped out of the or window, that's all, and that's what gave me the inside line on the people next to the soil. I got 'em doped out right that time. D'ye

at the dope? If you don't keep 'em kicking up at the post for more'n four hours, yes!" yelled No. 7, the parliamentarian and kicker, as he was dragged, struggling, to the punitive hot room.

The dope on the bunch with the hay in their loudly demanded the club in chorus, and Ex-Tank No. 28 proceeded;

Hay, hey?" said he. "Don't let that bug run away with you. Don't you people permit yourselves to fall out of bed on the proposition that the funny paper artists have got straight table information with regard to the man hair But he's got a whole lot underneath the hair that some of us wisdom packers that were know a thing about. Does he blow out the Ves he does blow out the gas. But. ill in all, when it comes to being a stayer that'll go the distance, a rater that'll be there or therebouts when the numbers are hung out, the warage man that jumps the furrows has got some of us people that don't know anything but electric lights and the zip-zing of Hungarian hands faded to the size of slush-sliders on the sinter tracks, and that's no ballade to me lady's eyebrows, either." Stop clinching or get off," demanded the

club in chorus, and Ex-Tank No. 28 went ahead: Well, it was in the early fall of '87, and I was riding away from Hammondsport, N. Y. with just the ticket, and that's all. It doesn' Hammondsport, N. Y. My stay in Hamcondsport, N. Y., may have had something to do with the cornering of the '87 still wine vintage of that region of grapes-I sure did me close enough to cornering the Hammondsport end of it in my own person, at that Whatever it was, they didn't seem to want to make me Mayor of Hammondsport or to send me to Congress from that disand I felt real grieved over it. So I left for New York, with just the ticket. The ticket was under the sweatband of my hat, and it the smoker, sat down, and began to study over whether the gang 'ud be winners or losers hen I stacked up against them in the big on the next day. I was athirst-bu he cooler at the end of the car was full. That's all there was doing. I didn't even have a small stack of the wet in the rear pocket. All had was the ticket, and that, as I say, was in the sweathand of my lid.

off the ticket when the train was about seven iles out of Hammondsport, and then I ables out of Hammondsport, and then I re-laced it beneath the sweatband. After e had departed I began to long for the cool ight air, and the tang of the row mown hay, not things like that, and so I stock my head ut of the window so's to get more breaths and bigger ones. That's when the lid went-nilling, and, of course, along with it my paste-board passport to this large and prosperous aport. I pulled my head in then and thought

seaport. I pulled my head in then and thought it over.

"I probably can't get off now and run back for the lid and then catch the train again.' I reflected, 'and I'm not in training for a real good sprint anyhow. Moreover, it's dark. The only thing to do is to wait the gy-ard into a proper state of wooze. He's got a home himself. Once he may have been young and idiotic. I'll just tell him, that's all. He's seen the ticket and he knows that I had it, and he knows that I had it under that sweatband. Oh, the man will let me ride, all right. Sure he will."

"So I made it nice and easy with myself on that point, and lay back and wondered some more whether the gang in New York would be eating grilled hones when I got there in the morning or shaking with the cigar man on the corner for chewing tobacco to keep their appetites down.

"I was just dreaming that I was plugging away at a large flock of magnums with an airsun when the conductor came along and ioited me awake. He was a middle-aged man with a white beard.

"Ticket," said he, in a real hard, unfeeling tone of voice.

Ticket, said he, in a real hard, unfeeling of voice.

bit. Then I expostulated with him. All nix. Either the safe conduct or the coin was the way he put it.

"But you saw the ticket, said I.

"Oh, that's an old one, he replied. You're bloching it out somewhere in your clothes, and you've got the microbe that you'll be able to work me for the ride to the big town, and when you get there you'll mail the ticket back to a pal and have him scalp it. Cease jesting. The ticket or the money, and real hasty, at that.

Nice conversation for a middle-aged man with a white beard, wasn't it? I appealed to him as a man of ripe years and the father of a large family and a deacon of his church. I pointed out the fact to him that tickets were nothing to me when I had 'em, nor the price of tickets, either. Finally I told him that I'd have every pocket stuffed full of tickets when the white frozen wet was piled eight feet above his wooden headboard, and that remark sort o queered me. He pulled the bell cord, and I tapped lightly off, about forty old miles this side of Hammondsport, and this seaport still a long hike away.

It was a lovely, rolling, cultivated country.

stepped lightly off, about forty odd miles this side of Hammondsport, and this seaport still a long hike away.

It was a lovely, rolling, cultivated country, and I sat down on a bank beside the railroad heneath the peaceful, effulgent light of the large harvest moon, watched the train curl out of sight, and drank in the beauty of the scene. I'd have given a winning six-horse combination ticket for another kind of a drick, but it wasn't in the cards, and so I got up and walked over to the well-kept road alongside the railroad track. The road wound around among farms such as they only know how to stack up over in that end of this State, but I didn't see a light blinking from a house even when I climbed over a rail fence and ascended a hill to take observations. So I climbed back over the rail fence to the road, tossed my weary frame amid a bunch of nodding daisles, and slumbered on beneath the mellow light of the harvest moon.

Til just doss it out to-night,' I thought, and to-morrow morning there'll be nothing for it but a side-door Pullman wending its circuitous way toward the Atlantic seaboard.

I was awakened with a orod. The sun was way up. An old man with chin whiskers, a hickory shirt, and one of those straw head-pieces that goes to a sharp point at the top, was bending over me, with an anxious look in the lear, kindly old lamps.

Hey, you young maverick, he was saying to me as he proded me, air you dead, or what in the name o' Josh Hangood's shoats alls you?

Not dead—only ditched—thanks,' says I, sitting up and withing my eyes. I saw that the old man had halted his two-horse farm wagon it the road.

Tiggered that you had gone t' your last meet in the road of the road.

An' you haint les' a-lookin' araoun' t' buy no farm in this neck o' th' woods? he went on. I could only grin at that. 'Some o' you city fellers air danged smart, there's no gittin' araoun' thet,' said he, 'but

EX-TANK MEETS A FARMER. | you look like a young feller that hadn't oughtn't be bunkin by no roadside. Wanta lift? "Well, if it's far, yes, said I, just to say some-

You look like a young relief the mantalit?

"Well, if it's far, yes,' said I, just to say something.

"It's on'y a couple o' mile t' my place, if you want t' go there, an' mebbe I'll be able t' give you a job o' work o' some kind, always supposin' ye're th' kind thet wants work,' said the old chap.

"Well, I got into the seat beside the old gentleman, and inside of half an hour he drove into the gate of as fine a farm as I ever saw before or since, with red barns all over it, and a fine, big, rambling old house set right in the middle, with a truck garden and flowers all around it. The old man questioned me pretty closely all along the line as we drove along, and he finally told me that the schoolteacher of the village, a couple of miles distant, was down with the measles or something, and that school was due to take up, and asked me if I thought I could teach the young idea how to shoot, and to keep straight in the meanwhile. I handed him the straight yes, and meant it, for the old chap's decenvy to me, a dead stranger to him, and net up with under queer old circumstances at that, sort o' got me around the neck. He told me that he'd tell the school committee that I was a young man that he'd sent for 'up araoun' York way' to teach the school, and stand for me throughout. Say, d've get people that don't know anything but the cobblestones and the clang of the street cars to pick you up that way?

"The old chap's wife and daughters were away on a visit to a neighboring farm for the day, and so he gave me a room and had the hired girl fix me up a breakfast, and then he started out to notify the school committee that he had a man for the school.

"I began teaching that school on Sept. 15. The school was two miles from the farm, in the middle of a small towership, and I rode to and

middle of a small township, and I rode to and fro on a horse the old chap handed over to my use, for I lived on the farm. Well, that's an experience that'll hold me until I cash in my last stack of whites, and I often find myself wishing that I could do it all over again. The youngsters were all small tads, boys and girls, the kids of the farmers in the surrounding country, and I got along with them like shooting the chutes. I slept between clean white sheets in a sweet-smelling room every night, and sang hymns with the old chap's daughters at the meetin house on Sundays, and read the lible to be all advices singally and the crop.

reports to the old man every week, and I guess that, all in all, I was up about as close to the level of a fairish citizen at that time as I'm ever going to be, even with the emperiums de booze eliminated from my daily itinerary.

"Along toward the first of Nevember I was standing in the doorway of the school at morning recess, when a guy drove by in a buggy. I knew his man at the first glance. He was the top-netch gold-bricker of his own or any I knew his man at the first glance. He was the top-netch gold-bricker of his own or any other age—a man that made nearly \$1,000,000 out of the brass billets before he butted up against his wind-up. I'd often seen him in New York, and I'd seen his mush in Byrnes a mug-book, toe. I had a hunch as soon as I saw him driving by in the buggy that he might be out for some business with the old man that had been on the level with me- for the old man was known to be the richest farmer in that section, with slathers of the long papers in his Buffalo bank. So I called the kids in, dismissed school for the day with the explanation that their teacher wasn't feeling exactly on edge, got the saddle on my nag, and cut around the back way for the farm. I found the old man choring around the machinery barn, and I called him into a corner and asked him if, with his knowledge of the monte and the green goods game, he was also wise to the gold-brick proposition. I found that he was perfectly dense about it, although it had been in operation for a good many years even at that time. dense about it, although it had been in operation for a good many years even at that time. I told him that I'd seen Tom O'Brien, the most notorious of the gold-brickers, headed toward the farm in a buggy about half an hour before, and that I expected he'd be along shortly. Then I put him next to the stall, and he looked me over with wondering lamps. Then he slapped his thigh and owned up that he might have been led at least to look into the thing had he not been put next. I told him that Tom O'Brien had wound up some of the shrewdest farmers of the country on his It is ree, and put it to the old man that it would be a good play for him to fall to Tom's blandishments, if he came around, and trap him. It's a wonder the old man didn't reach the conclusion that I was myself a pal of O'Brien's and tryin' to rig a dead-fall, but he didn't, and he fell in with the scheme.

"Sure enough, Tom O'Brien drove up in his rig about twenty minutes later and collared the old man immediately. Ill tout when I saw him.

with the scheme.

Sure enough, Tom O'Brien drove up in his rig about twenty minutes later and collared the old man immediately. Hit out when I saw him coming, made up in one of the hired men's rigs and stood by to fall in as a Rube at the proper moment. O'Brien and the old man went into the house and remained together for a long while, and then the old chap hunted me up and called me into the conference. O'Brien had the flush of victory on his evil countenance, for the old man had pretended to eat up the deal was his son and that he wanted me to have a look at the brick which O'Brien was selling for only \$8,000 for strictly personal and private reasons, and I took a flash at the brass lump with mouth agape and big eyes and told 'paw' to pick it up and run away with it if, as O'Brien said, it would assay right. The end of the chaw was that the old man promised to meet O'Brien in Buffalo three days later, where O'Brien was to have the brick assayed by the Government assayer, and the old man was to cough up the \$8,000 when the lodd man was to cough up the \$8,000 when the brass plinking over the easiness of the graft and went on to Buffalo to hire an office and plant his assayer therein.

"I sat down and wrote a bit of a letter to the heap big cop of Buffalo and the chief had the seine spread when the old man and I got there "Well, 's says, 'No,' he says.' I don't play pinochle myself. What's the matter with poker? Don't you play poker here?' he says.

"Well, I was that surprised that I almost dropped the chips, and the old man and I got there" "Well, 's says, 'No,' he says.' I don't play pinochle myself. What's the matter with poker? Don't you play poker here?' he says.

"Well, I was that surprised that I almost dropped the chips, and the old man and I got there" "Well, 's says Pete, 'we do play it sometimes,' "Well, 's says Pete, 'we do play it sometimes,' "Well, 's says Pete, 'we do play it sometimes,'

of the grait and went on to build to build of a letter to the fice and plant his assayer therein.

"I sat down and wrote a bit of a letter to the heep big cop of Buffalo and the chief had the seine spread when the old man and I got there three days later and were met by O'Brien. I was still doing the Rube stunt, and the old man seemed to be hardly able to wait until O'Brien conducted him to the office of the Government assayer to have the brick 'worth easily \$17.000' put through its paces.

"O'Brien conducted us to an office in an out-of-the-way office building. The sign "I. S Government Assayer' was over the door and the smooth guy who answered to the sign was there with his little drill ready for business. It all went through like a pony with the dope, and the old man and I started out of the door for the hank to draw out the \$8.00, when the four plain-clothes men stepped in and put O'Brien and his pal under the gun. O'Brien was a desperado, but he wilted, and a few minutes later they were on the wrong side of the locks. O'Brien's strong friends that later enabled him to escape from a bunch of New York prison guards after he had been sentenced got him and his pal out on hall the next day. They hopped the bail, and it was a long time before O'Brien was nailed again, and now he's doing his little lifer at a French penal settlement for killing his pal, Kid Waddell, in Paris.

"Well, my end of the game made such a hit with the old man that he went down to the bank, anyhow. He drew out \$500, handed it to me with the dry remark that it was barely possible I had sayed him the money when I got it.

"So, if my hat hadn't ha' blown off that time I'd have missed the dope on our great agricultural population, and—"

"Has that Bryanite got his hat yet?" yelled ex-Tank No. 7, the parliamentarian and kicker, emerging from the punitive hot room, and the meeting was at an end.

a hill to take observations. So I climbed back over the rail fence to the road, tossed my weary frame amid a bunch of nodding dasies, and slimbered on beneath the mellow light of the hirvest moon.

Til just doss it out to-night. I thought, and to-morrow morning there'll be nothing for it but a side-door Pullman wending its circuitous way toward the Atlantic seaboard. I was awakened with a orod. The sun was way iip. An old man with chin whiskers, a hickory shirt, and one of those straw head-pieces that goes to a sharp point at the top, was bending over me, with an anxious look in his clear, kindly old lamps.

Hey, you young maverick, he was saying to me as he prodded me, 'air you dead, or what in h' name o' Josh Hapgood's shoats alls you?

Not dead-only ditched—thanks,' says I, slitting up and wining iny eyes. I saw that the old man had halted his two-horse farm wagon in the road.

Tondon's says I, 'I only got off to get a handful of dasies for the centre table,' and then the old chap stable hey here in the same as the first, only Bill was working a little harder and he went to his corner look-ling much the worse from his own punches. His face was beginning to puff. Before coming up for the third and last roun i Bill made it known that he would represent Erne and that his heavy smashes were supposed to be delivered by McGovern. Bill got at himself and says with a hoad chap with the kindly believed by McGovern. Bill got at himself and smashed away until he was reeling around the floor. He went down for the second time with blood coming from his nose. He staggered to his feet, as Erne did, only to go to the top of the proposed to be defined by the roadside on that chipper altitum morning. He sized me up carefully while I was telling him.

You don't les' happen it have any little bank has been going through his mock battle only once a week, as he is afraid t

PRAW POKER WITH A JOKER

THE CONFESCATION MIDGE CP
ARE IN ARRANAS CITY.

He det of extensive fig. and third Canha, and
the strength of Public His Canha, and
the strength his Canha, and
the s

the boys here that had ought for to ve cured him o' sich unrighteousness. I don't know whether it did or not for he kind o' dropped out o' sight one night after he'd tried the boys patience a little too much, an' I never heer'd no more about him. But he certainly did give us considerable 'xcitement fr one evenin." It was a pretty small game, or I don't reckon'twould ha' gone on as far as it did, for the boys wouldn't ha' stood fr no such nonsense if there'd been any important money up, but bein as 'twas on'y a triflin' amount, they sort o' humored him f'r a while till finally he went a little too fur, an' got called down hard.

Nobody knowed his name nor where he came from, but he just dropped off the boat one day an' kind o' wandered round for a spell lookin' at things till finally he dropped in here. Some o' the boys were settin' here, like they do, an' he as't 'em all up to the bar an' treated like a gentleman would—

Here the old man paused a little and looked around inquiringly again, but nobody spoke,

New York market are away off, which shows that lobsters are pouring in there from all over the country.

"The price has simply dropped out of sight considering the work there is in catching the critters. Before they struck on, a good sized lobster was a valuable commodity. Now we are offered but eight and one-half cents for large ones and five cents for small ones. It's just the lobsterman's luck, though. My father used to say that his hens would never lay except when egg-swas ninepence a dozen, and it's so about lobstering. When you can catch lobsters you can't get anything for 'em.

"I guess there's nothing in the way of fish quite so unaccountable as lobsters. They were so scarce up to a month ago that a day's hard work in handling a gang of sixty pots in the deepest water of the Race wouldn't yield you more than forty pounds of lobster, which is the poorest kind of luck. Then comes news that they were a-getting big hauls of 'em up in the full of St. Lawrence and down Maine and Nova Scotia way. I went down to Boston two months ago and the Halifax steamers were in there just loaded with crated live lobsters, and so the way-down-east fishermen as a consequence were making money hand over fist, for they were a-getting the fancy prices that New York was willing to pay for lobster stock at that time.

"But in a few weeks the Maine lobsters struck

But in a few weeks the Maine lobsters struck

But in a few weeks the Maine lobsters struck off shore and then the lobster steamers began to have to make longer and longer cruises to get the fish. One steamer came into Boston while I was there with 7,500 from Anticosti Island. That was the first time they said that a smack or a steamer had ever gone that far for lobsters. Anticosti is about nine hundred miles off, they said, and when a lobster boat had to travel 1,800 miles, they said, to get a fare of lobsters, it was evident that lobsters was a-getting pretty scarce at the eastern end of the United States. That's what they said, and I agreed with 'en.

"You see our Government allows lobsters to come in free of duty from Canadian waters, and that's where I calculate the supply is coming from now that is knocking the prices of our catch here at home to smithereens. The lobsters are admitted free of duty because our people have a powerful tooth for the critters and because our own supply has been falling off. Consequently there's a pile of attention being paid to lobster catching down around the provinces now, and I am told that the lobster at present constitutes a sixth of all the goods that now come here from those shores, "Well, the season with us kept a-running on and it got to be July and still there wasn't nothing doing in lobstering here and some of us heard all at once that lobsters had struck on

Simple the property that he had many and to consider the entire the property of the control of the property of the prope and it got to be July and still there wash thothing in lobstering here and some of us heard all at once that lobsters had struck on high at Lancaster. Of the coast of Virginia. Our fellows shipped a lot of lobster trap frames in sections there by freight and were going down there to try a hand at them when the unaccountable critters struck on here and we've been catching em right well ever since.

Another unaccountable thing about the lobster is its apparent failure to increase in numbers, although young lobsters by the million are being dumped overboard here in the race every summer by the Government fishhatching people from Woods Holl. Capt. Late Raibun of hoank in the little schooner smack Gracie tilling soes around among the lobster liberare with the season of the coast and bursy up all the states of the coast and bursy up all the states. In yours new and takesthem to the hobster liberare on the coast and bursy up all the states. In yours new and takesthem to the hobster liberare was a beautiful to the liberary and the eggs have been hatched by the scientists at the Hall. The fishermen save prefer em that makes it an object. But now the egg lobsters for Capt. Late, as he scarce that Capt. Late has had to give up hunting for em. He got only fifty-eight lobsters. But now the egg lobsters have become so scarce that Capt. Late, sha had to give up hunting for em. He got only fifty-eight lobsters on his last scout along shore when he ought to have taken at least a hundred.

The young lobsters that are dumped into the race are only half an inch long and they have no shell formation at all. I try to believe that they are swallowed by preying fish just about as quick as they reach the water, for I hate to think that we cannot hatch out and raise them as well as we are doing with codfish. But as near as I can make out, it is impossible to hatch lobsters in proportion to the number exputured, and unless this newly arrived crop of lobsters means more than I think it does, in less than five years in head of the house of

Roby changed masters when the Frenchman became engaged in a street fight and was killed. 'A French hound,' one of the miners called him and they drew pistols. Shots were fired rapidly, and one of the residents, squatting down behind Roby, took deliberate aim at the Frenchman and bored him through the heart.

aim at the Frenchman and bored him through the heart.

"A bas le roi," screamed the Frenchman with his last breath, and Roby immediately attacked his master's murderer, and before he could be pulled off the law had no need of interfering. The populace did not desire to call a bear to account, especially as he had saved the county a few hundred dollars in trial expenses, and the hotel keeper, who was made administrator of the Frenchman's effects, came into possession of Roby for the price of a pine coffin. This is where Roby's life history properly begins.

came into possession of Roby for the price of a pine coffin. This is where Roby's life histery properly begins.

'I came into the camp one pretty day late in the fall and found my friend the hotel keeper very disconsolate. 'There's bin some stealin' round here,' he said to me. 'They suspeck Roby. He's th' most innercent b'ar ever you see. I tolde'em a whopper bout him. Mum. now, they think Roby's dead.

"'He is dead if you can lie straight enough. I brought in a bear to-day, and I'm going to take him to camp with me, I said.

"'Sure 'nough, you did: I tumble,' said my good friend the hotel keeper.

"So Roby went back with me to my cabin, and within a week he was mine, body and soul. He followed me like a big dog. I rigged up a drag something like the conveyances the Indians fastened to their ponies, and Roby took the part of a beast of burden, a faithful watchdog and a companion. I could not imagine a more useful animal than Roby was to me. He could haul about all the provisions I needed, and when I had them in my cabin I was pretty sure of their staying there until Roby and I had devoured them.

"For a hear that had been brought up to

For a hear that lad teem brought up in such tremendously poor society my good aid at the such tremendously poor society my good aid and tremendously poor society my good aid the summary of the summary

"This is Roby's grave,
Anarchist by education,
Dynamiter by habit,
Inadvertently he died for his master.
'A bas, Roby."

HOPE IN THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN. by a Shirt-Waist Girl.

"It has always been a wonder to me," said the hirt-waist girl to the shirt-waist man, "why rou boys didn't adopt the shirt waist long ago. prefer seeing a man in one of those soft, cool ooking shirts. A stiff linen front is so inartistic

you know. "I didn't know," the shirt-waist man admitted "but they're conducive to artistic profanity in the dog days." "And consquently immoral Now, don't

rder lemon seltzer; you'll spoil the symphony. "What symphony?" "Your green shirt waist, my green dimity and your verdancy. Try a creme de menthe."
"It's the details that make life worth while,"

commented the shirt-waist man as he sipped his

"As I was saying," began the shirt-waist girl again, "I always did abominate those stiff, silly shirt fronts; and then a big handsome man never appears to such advantage as in a silk shirt and flannels. You needn't shake your head. You've just the figure to show 'em off well, and you know it.

"This is no solemnly reproachful tones; "it's the principle of the thing, and the comfort. I'm not making a holy show of myself just to exhibit my glad-laterial proportions. 1——

"Of course not," agreed the shirt-waist girl sweetly. "It was the principle of the thing and the comfort that caused you to have made that some shooting clothes which you wore in the woods last summer."

I thought you would be pleased." "That's what we are talking about, isn't it? You are comfortable in the shirt waist, and ad-

ditionally so because you know you appear to advantage. That's human nature."
"Woman's nature," corrected the shirt-waist
man.

"Woman's nature," corrected the shirt-walst man.

"If it is man nature to be indifferent to being attractive to those he's fond of——"
"Now don't misunderstand—"
"Eddie," the shirt-walst girl interrupted hurriedly, "do men have waists?"
"Military cadets and athletes and fellows who train, but the average man (contemptously) no.

"Who cares for the average man?" The shirt-walst girl laughed happily. "I have it. I've lain awake nights trying to think up something to improve men's shirt-walsts, and couldn't. You see, I wasn't sure about the waists. But if you've really got a waist line—er, that is, something, you know, to fasten a pulley belt about. I'll rig you up a support that'll make you the envy of your fellow men."
"Girl, 'said the shirt-waist man, 'don't triffe. The shirt-waist problem is the real thing—serious, earnest business, you know."

"That's because you've only had men at work on it. Now woman's ingenuity—"
"I think I've heard something like that before."
"Maybe, and you will again, In higher mathematics, now, and electricity and the ologies, and getting off a street car properly, and things of that sort, why, I'm perfectly willing to admit that the sex which concedes its superiority is highly proficient. But the really important affairs of life, like making a man happy and comfortable and altogether satisfied with himself, are in woman's province, and that's why I've been lying awake nights trying to help you—

"You always were a dear little girl," began the shirt-waist man, "and yet this interest in the welfare of my sex seems suspicious. Is there—that is—I mean is there any particular man? If I could help you—

"You can—by helping to set the fashion," said the shirt-waist girl hurriedly. "Try to get all of the nice men to wear them.

"Shirt-waists?"

The shirt-waist girl nodded and reddened under her beautiful coat of bicycle brown.

"Those flercely black evening clothes are bad enough at the dancing parties during the sean aboundarion. I sometimes believe they were invented just to make girl is s

There is No Excuse for it.

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THE STATE HOSPITALS.

light and Air Part of the Cure Nowadays Good Effects of the Cottage System

- Musical Diversions A Ray of Light in Oblivion Outdoor Sports for the Insane. It does seem a little out of place to speak of the bright side of life in a great hospital, People are apt to think of such institutions as being full of gloom and sorrow. There s something forbidding even about the gray walls of a State hospital, and if ever circumstances compel us to consign one of our friends to one of them we are inclined to consider him for the time at least as good, or as bad as dead,

and to go into mourning accordingly. Perhaps the common notions on this subject may be traced to a hurried visit made some day to an Institution of the kind, when the guide rushed the visitors along, taking no particular pains to conduct them where the brightest side might be seen. The scenes presented in the quarters in which the acute ases are treated linger in the memory for months, and it is not easy to forget the terri-ble cries and the agonized appeals made to view of life in a hospital for the treatment of the insane, one might well shrink from further consideration of the subject.

But suppose we make a more leisurely survey of the hospital, following its inmates through several weeks of their lives, and looks ing not only at the dark side of the picture. If the day be pleasant, as we look about us we cannot but notice that every effort is made to have the various rooms as bright and cheery as possible. The windows are large so as to let in as much light as possible. The sunshine floods the wards everywhere; and in every spot from which the shadows have been driven away, easy chairs and other comfortable seats have been placed affording the pa-tients opportunity to drink in the health-giving properties of sunshine. On the walls are plot-ures, bright carpets and rugs are on the floors, and other interesting objects attract the at-tention of the people who occupy these rooms.

they mingle treely and converse with one and other, under proper restrictions.

On sunshiny days the inmates who are not in the acute stages of disease are permitted to go out of doors, attended by their nurses, for long walks, from which they come back refreshed in body and with thoughts on the helpful things which have been presented by nature along the way. At certain seasons of the year the men who are able to work are taken out upon the farms, which are always connected with these hospitals, and a stated amount of labor is given them to perform, care being taken that they shall not exert themselves beyond their strength. In some of the New York State institutions as many as 70 per cent. of the inmates are thus employed, and it is unquestionably frue that this employment has a marked curative power.

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In at least one of the New York hospitals what
is known as the cottage system is now being
tried with excellent results. These cottages
are located at some distance from the hospital
proper and at a distance from one another of
perhaps half a mile, those for men and women,
being entirely separate. The men ouartered
at the cottages are employed on the farm, while
the women attend to their own housework and
do the mending for the men. The plan is to
make the cottages as nearly like the ordinary
farmhouse as possible. It is wonderful how
the patients enjoy life in the cottages. As only
about 100 patients can at present be received
in these buildings the patients are frequently
changed so as to give as many as possible an
opportunity to get out upon the farm for a few
days. The quiet of this life acts like a charm
in contrast with the excitement necessarily
attendant upon life in the main building. There
is a sense of liberty here which in itself is more
valuable than medicine, and more and more
this is coming to be a part of the regular course
of treatment. Very seldom do the patients
try to take advantage of the liberties given them.
As you pass through the central corridor,
suddenly you are greeted by strains of music
coming from some alcove high over your head.
You stop and listen, and you are surprised
when you are informed that the band which
furnishes the music is made up wholly or in
part of the inmates of the hospital. In some
of the State hospitals these bands have attained
a remarkable degree of proficiency, while their
work has no doubt been productive of great
good. In hospitals where no band can be organized from among the inmates or employees,
music is frequently provided by the managers
from outside talent. On certain days of the
week in the amusement hall, which has come
to be a feature of all hospitals, there is music
and dancing for those wh

On still other evenings of the week stereopti-

On still other evenings of the week stereopticon exhibitions are given. These are greatly diversified by exchanging with other hospitals of the State. From time to time also popular plays are presented. At such entertainments, a degree of interest is manifested which is in no respect behind that displayed by the most of the production of the production of a genuine dramatic situation of a thrilling climax is often so keen as to satisfy the most ambitious actor.

Sometimes an unexpected flood of light is let in upon the past life of the inmates who are in attendance upon these performances. Recently in one of the hospitals of New York, a Japanese juggler and sleight-of-hand performer had been engaged to amuse the patients of an evening. He had charmed and surprised those who sate before him by his wonderful tricks. Among others who were present was a poor fellow who had forgotten everything he had ever known. Even him by he austiculation, it was under a name sixth had been cost in the awful oblivion which had overtaken him; and when he was admitted to the institution, it was under a name sixth had been than a so on anything about his past his past him by the austich had been the past him by the austication of the patients was under a name sixth had been than a so on anything about his past him by his wonderful thing about his past him by his wonderful toward the stage.

"Id like to see what I can do at that" he said.

At first the attendant tried to keep him quiet and pulled him back again, thinking of course this was only one of the patient's vagarles, he was not to be stilled in that way, however, and fairly begged to be allowed to try his hand at the tricks. Finally the performer said:

Let him come up and try.

And John did try, and so successfully that said and the potung of the patient's vagarles, he was not to be stilled in that way, however, and fairly begged to be allowed to try his hand at the tricks. Finally the performer said:

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Comfortable and well-lighted librarles supplied

What an Energetic Widow With Six Girls
Can Do When She Tries.

who lives near Calumet has had great luck in farming. Five years ago her husband died and farming. Five years ago her husband died and left a \$600 mortgage on the place. She was also left with six girls. But she started in to work and made the girls help her. This year she was able to put more than \$1,000 in the bank, pay off all debts, purchase \$500 worth of new machinery for the farm and take a trip back. East to see the relatives of her dead husband who advised her to leave the farm and come and live with them when her husband died. She owns 160 acres of land.